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DAKIN BROS. OF CHINA,
L I M I T E D,
C H E M I S T S.

AERATED WATES.

Our Plant comprises the latest improvements, and is one of the most complete and efficient ever shipped from England.

The purity of the water is certified by analysis. The construction of the machinery and system of manufacture in the factory ensures cleanliness and absence of all contamination in the finished waters.

The quality of the Soda Water is equal to that of the best English makers.

The Flavour of the syruped waters is equal to any produced in England or abroad.

DAKIN'S AERATED
SARSAPARILLA.

Our make of this popular beverage is not merely a flavoured water, but is prepared with an extract of Sarsaparilla root manufactured in our own laboratory.

Price, 50 cents per dozen.

(Telephone No. 60.)

Nos. 22 & 24, QUEEN'S ROAD CENTRAL,
Hongkong, 14th June, 1890. [52]



BY APPOINTMENT.

A. S. WATSON & CO., L.D.

ESTABLISHED A.D. 1841.

MANUFACTURERS OF AERATED
WATES.

OUR AERATED WATER MANUFACTORY is replete with the best Machinery, embodying all the latest improvements in the trade.

The greatest attention has been paid to appliances for ensuring purity in the Water-supply, to secure which we have added a Condenser capable of supplying us with 3,000 gallons of distilled water a day, and are now in a position to compete in quality with the best English Makers. Our Sweet Waters cannot be surpassed anywhere.

The purest ingredients only are used, and the utmost care and cleanliness are exercised in the manufacture throughout.

LARGE BOMBAY
"SODAS".

We continue to supply large bottles as heretofore, free of Extra Charge, to those of our Customers who prefer to have them to the ordinary size.

COAST PORT ORDERS S. whenever practicable, are despatched by first steamer leaving after receipt of order.

FOR COAST PORTS. Waters are packed and placed on board ship at Hongkong prices, and the full amount allowed for Packages and Empties when received in good order.

Counterfoil Order Books supplied on application.

Our Registered Telegraphic Address is,
"DISPENSARY, HONGKONG,"
And all signed messages addressed, thus
will receive prompt attention.

The following is a List of Waters always
kept ready in Stock:

PURE AERATED WATES

SODA WATER

LEMONADE

POTASH WATER

LITHIA WATER

SARSAPARILLA WATER

TONIC WATER

GINGER ALE

GINGERADE.

No Credit given for bottles that look dirty, or greasy, or that appear to have been used for any other purpose than that of Containing Aerated Water, as such bottles are never used again by us.

A. S. WATSON & CO., LIMITED,

Hongkong, China, and Manila. [5]

The Hongkong Telegraph

HONGKONG, FRIDAY, JUNE 27, 1890.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

A REGULAR meeting of Zetland Lodge, No. 525, will be held in Freemasons' Hall, Zetland Street, on Tuesday, the 1st proximo, at 8.30 for 9 p.m. precisely. Visiting brethren are cordially invited.

A TARTCOED girl 20 years of age, is being shown in Paris. The form of the fair "Irene" is decorated from top to toe, likewise from east to west, with a choice assortment of horticultural and astronomical emblems varied by Buddhist and Mahomedan creeds and Masonic mottoes.

THE success of the members of the Stanley Opera Company in performing such an emotional drama as "East Lynne" quite sent them up in the estimation of the large audience who attended at the City Hall theatre last night. Criticism must be deferred, but we may assure them of the very favorable verdict they secured. A full house has been booked for the variety show they are giving to-night.

IN his weather report to-day Dr. Doberch says: "At 10.50 yesterday morning the telegrams were sent to the Harbour Office, "Typhoon in China Sea West of Lupon moving Westward." At 4.50 p.m. directions to hoist the South Cone and at 12.20 a.m. on the 27th directions to hoist the Red Bell. The typhoon has moved quickly Westward in the China Sea, where fresh S.E. winds may be expected. The weather is warm, cloudy and dry in Southern China."

At a meeting of the Hongkong Jockey Club, held at the Hongkong Hotel this afternoon for the purpose of deciding about the number of Subscription Griffins required for the next season, nothing was decided except with regard to the cost of the "mokes." It was arranged that the Secretary should write to the Shanghai Horse Bazaar asking the proprietors if they could set their way to reducing the cost of griffins this season. Mr. Cohen suggested that as it was quite impossible to procure anything but the most despicable hacks under the present system, it would be as well to send to Tientsin, buy a mob, and send them through to Hongkong. Nothing was agreed to upon this point, however, and the meeting, which was attended by twelve members only, dispersed at 5 o'clock. Another meeting will be held at an early date, for the purpose of arriving at a definite arrangement with regard to the number and cost of Subscription Griffins required, for the ensuing season.

WE regret to hear of the death of Mr. Donald Spence, for many years in Her Majesty's Consular service in China, and latterly specially retained by Messrs. Jardine, Matheson & Co.

It's all very well to "throw dust in people's eyes" sometimes. But when for dust the Chinese substitute pepper they generally get pretty well "fixed" when brought before our magistrates, as a coolie, who cracked a handful of pepper in the eyes of an inoffensive hawk yesterday afternoon for the purpose of robbing him of a couple of dollars, found when "up" before Mr. Wodehouse this morning. The scoundrel tried to excuse his action by stating that he bought the pepper for cooking purposes, and was violently insulted by the complainant as he was going home. This was rather too "thin" for his Worship, who jailed him for six calendar months with hard labour.

A SYDNEY dramatic critic, who evidently knows his business, remarks:—"J. L. Toole, on the way, seems to be dreadfully dooky on his near fore leg, the result of rich man's gout, presumably. So decided is his limp that a back view of him is reminiscent of another—a greater Johnnie—Clarke. Not 'Toodies' Clarke, the American, but the Clarke who married poor pretty Miss Furtado, and was the real original of Quip. The dead Johnny was never a fashionable, tragical, comical actor, however. He was just a real genius and nothing more." Tamer words than these were never written. Poor Johnny Clarke was not a fashionable actor, but he was far and away the best comedian this generation of play-goers has yet seen, and in his old days at the Strand, he was surrounded by a galaxy of stars whose names are household words wherever English dramatic art is known and appreciated.

SANITARY BOARD.

The weekly meeting of the Board was held this afternoon.—Present: Major-General Gordon, Dr. Ayres, (Colonial Surgeon) Hon. N. J. Mitchell-Irnes (Acting Registrar General), Hon. Hoi Kai, Messrs. Osbert Chadwick, Wong Shing, N. J. Ede, J. D. Humphreys, J. J. Francis, Dr. Cantlie, and Mr. H. McCallum (secretary).

MISCELLANEOUS.

A paper by Dr. Cantlie on "Influenza," that had been already circulated, was laid on the table of the Colonial Surgeon; that Gustave Henri, residing at 5 Staunton St., had died from typhoid fever, the same disease which caused the death of Police Sergeant McDonald, a resident at No. 7 in the same street, last year. He suggested that the drainage of the locality should be examined. After some discussion it was decided that the sanitary arrangements of the houses should be examined.

A QUESTION OF PROFESSIONAL ETIQUETTE.

The Colonial Surgeon, according to notice, moved "That Mr. Ladds be not appointed a Public Vaccinator as recommended by the Board at the meeting held on the 29th May, 1890." He said that he had no desire to cast any reflection on Mr. Ladds, but it seemed to him that the Board, in recommending the appointment, had infringed the rights of Dr. Atkinson.

The Acting Registrar-General said that he understood Mr. Ladds had no objection to providing vaccine lymph for regular practitioners, but decidedly had to do so for native doctors who might be appointed public vaccinators. By doing the latter it appeared as though they were competent, and he was not.

Mr. Francis, who seconded, was in favor of a lecture being read to Mr. Ladds—he was director of Vaccine Institute, and he must supply the lymph as directed by the Board. If a considerable number of public vaccinators were to be appointed director of the Vaccine Institute.

Dr. Cantlie supported Mr. Ladds' claims—if he was capable of extracting the lymph he could surely inoculate. If he was incompetent to do the latter he ought not to have been appointed director of the Vaccine Institute.

The Colonial Surgeon urged that if the appointment were confirmed a slur would be cast on Dr. Atkinson, who had done all the preliminary work.

The Chairman was unfavorable to Dr. Ayres' motion—Mr. Ladds had only been appointed a public vaccinator, not head vaccinator. Besides, to rescind the appointment would stultify the Board.

The mover and seconder, Mr. Humphreys, and Dr. Hoi Kai supported the motion, which was lost.

A QUIER IDEA.

Dr. Cantlie moved "That attention be given to the condition of the Taitam water-works service reservoir." He said in support of his motion that the reservoir was the receptacle for branches, vegetable and animal matter, frogs, frog-spawn, and algae generally. He wanted it covered over, to prevent this. It would spoil the view, but improve the water.

Mr. O. Chadwick, at Dr. Cantlie's invitation, gave his opinion. He said that it was generally accepted now-a-days that water ought to be kept from the daylight, and as it was quite feasible to roof the reservoir over he was ready to suggest a method of doing so. He had intended to recommend it before.

Mr. Francis suggested that the scheme should be formally moved, and Dr. Cantlie accordingly moved that the scheme be recommended to the Government.

This was agreed to.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not necessarily endorse the opinions expressed by Correspondents in this column.

GAMBLING.

To the Editor of the "HONGKONG TELEGRAPH."

SIR.—I have read the correspondence of S. N. C. X. F. in the "Daily Press" of the 23rd inst., and although I do not belong to the Police Force I venture to reproduce the following, taken from "Tribute" of 28th December 1889:—

"It is not illegal to play penny a nap in a club nor whist, nor any other game at cards where the amount at stake is not seriously large, having regard to the ability of the players to afford it. You may do anything in your club which it is lawful for you to do in your own house, but it is not lawful for you to turn your own house into a gambling den, and if the police had reasonable cause to suspect that you had done so, they would have a right to enter your house and to arrest you or anybody else they might find there assisting you in the unlawful gambling. Your position at your club is precisely the same as it is in your own house, and you are free to act as you like, if in playing at cards, or at any other game, you do not gamble for what under the circumstances, could be called excessively high stakes, so as to make the club an injury to its members and visitors."

Hoping the above will be accepted as a reply to the question of S. N. C. X. F., and thanking you for the insertion beforehand.

I am, Sir,

Yours truly,

Hongkong, 24th June, 1890.

AN OFFER.

To the Editor of the "HONGKONG TELEGRAPH."

SIR.—As a constant reader of your excellent newspaper, (which is Shanghai), I consider the only real live newspaper on this side of "Truth's" part, London, I find that for some months past, nearly every issue of yours contains information about "another person" who has either skipped, or tried to skip the Colony, with insignificant amounts, ranging from \$1,000 to \$200,000, money which once belonged to their employers. They manage these things better in New York. This leads me to suppose that Hongkong is short of "confidential" men

to take care of other people's money. I therefore beg to tender my application, which kindly insert in the top column in the front page of the "Telegraph," and collect the charge for same through your agent here.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

HOOKUM S. NIIVEY.

Shanghai, 19th June, 1890.

LETTERS FROM JAPAN.

(FROM A LADY CORRESPONDENT.)

III.

It was the intention of my companion and myself to go to Yokohama, whence I can thence to you, from Kobe by rail, in preference to braving the dangers of the deep in a "coaster." This, however, was impracticable for, as luck would have it, a terrible storm followed by devastating floods, swept over Kobe and neighbouring a few days ago and destroyed upwards of forty miles of the strategic railway which was lately opened between this port and Kobe. On this account we had to make the journey in a steamer, and awaited our chance to get a berth on board the P. & O. liner *Ancona*—a very comfortable ship which seemed to keep remarkably steady, although the wind blew very hard at times. We ladies, of course, greatly believe in a ship like the *Ancona*, while our gentlemen, nasty rough fellows that you are, appear to enjoy the unutterable dreadfulness of a ship pitching and tossing, rolling and cracking, and frightening the lives out of the frail weaker sex. But enough of this, let us get on to details of this flourishing port.

About thirty years ago, Yokohama was nothing but a marshy swamp; now it has developed into a pretty large town—a miniature city.

Like Kobe and Nagasaki it is a treaty, or open port, where foreigners live in settlements or concessions. Europeans in this place have not confined themselves within the precincts of the settlement; they have built private houses on a Bluff, which is by far the best part of Yokohama to live in. The houses are generally speaking, picturesque and the gardens very prettily laid out; their prettiness enhanced, no doubt, by gorgeous autumn camellias which bloom luxuriantly. Irrespective of this the various species of fir and cypress which abound in Dai Nippon have such lovely foliage, that a mere lawn planted with them would in a few years be transformed into an exquisite, soul inspiring work of Nature. *Atlas!* What work of human art is comparable to the least morsel of Nature? Nature supreme! Nature almighty!

CURIOSHIPS form quite a feature in this town and some of the specimens are remarkable works of art. Ivory carvings and cloisonnages which undergo several processes are those reach the stage of perfection, are indeed exquisite. I was specially charmed with one piece of ivory carving in particular; it represented a bridge with men and women walking across it, the most conspicuous of which was a Japanese nobleman's wife tripping along, white in blushing, her steps as though she were a peacock in her attire of milk-white muslin, looking a perfect picture of angelic innocence, down to the toadstool of Chine a human who would rob his own father of his soul for the sake of two copper cash, all bend their knees before this jingling deity. Such is the power of Mammon. There may be one, here and there, who may cordially detest Mammon simply because he is Mammon, but such a being, like the few good ones on earth, is decidedly not to be met with in the ranks of lazy, patrician Tories, or gigantic Exchange operators. The majority of mankind pray to him, and worship him, and every one desires to be the wealthiest being on earth, regardless of all others. "Good," says the inner me to Harry when he has "skinned" a fellow creature. And so too the vultures delight when fighting each other on a carcass. Only, the birds and beasts of prey do it meaning no harm, while men do it for selfish ends, tearing each other—as they do in war and etc.—for the mere sake of gain. Suppose, for the sake of argument, everybody who wanted to become rich had his desire immediately fulfilled. Can any one conceive a worse state of social chaos than that which would follow? It is said of King Solomon that he was the greatest favorite of his age with the Arbitrary Ancient One, and that in a rare moment of "Masonic" beatitude, he actually sent up a fervent prayer that all his subjects, from the prime-minister down to the lowliest farmer, be all at once enriched. That Mammon is not exactly what a modern socialist will like him to be, can be easily conceived; nevertheless, the story adds, the prayer was granted. But the result was of a nature that sent wise old Solomon nearly crazy with indignation. There was no one to squeeze and shampoo the royal cranium, no one to conduct the matutinal orchestra, as the good monarch rose up one fine morning; they were all—respectable. "Gracious Almighty," cried the King, "let all the people resume their old position, I was mad." "Ergo," concludes the author of the story, "there is no interfering with the ways of the Almighty banker," and it is true. You may coerce him if you have the knack, but there is no battling about it. Some people seem to have a notion that they can nonplus Mammon by leading a life of steady stinginess. Evidently such men lack worldly experience. Mammon is the personification of ideal capriciousness; but, unlike capricious lover, he judges you nothing whatever when he throws up the veil. But he is not at all vain or fond of servile worship—although his votaries are. He despises a cringing neophyte. A sage book-worm once remarked that there is nothing so unlucky as the persistent hankering after wealth; and the truth of this old adage is every day realised on the turf, the green cloth, and the change. As long as you do not care a bit whether you are one way or the other you are generally all right. "The luck leaves you when you begin to plunk your dollars in earnest," it is always the luckiest. And John Chinaman for instance to try a new concern for collaring the almighty dollar and ten to one he will suspect there is some naughty trick about the affair and will allow the chance to slip by unheeding. Ask an Englishman to do the same and he will most probably take over the matter on a whisky cocktail with his chum at the club, while the German will undoubtedly shut himself up in his room and philosophise over the affair with his teeth. The Jew, in 99 cases out of a hundred, will immediately set about to take his chance and asking no questions, and that is the sort of people Mammon likes best; and that he does favor them the world's history more than proves. Few of the world's great financiers ever read "Smiles on Thrift" or "Mrs. Grundy on domestic economy," and yet they were the happy proprietors of fortunes monarchs would covet. They were bold enterprising men who believed in and worshipped Mammon and Mammon returned the compliment by endowing them with good luck. And it is a very good thing, is good luck. It is almost everything, we wish it to our friends, our sisters and daughters and to almost every jolly soul w^o know—including ourselves. And right we are. It is far better to be born lucky than rich. For it is a difficult thing to retain riches without good fortune—vide History of Hongkong 1880. It is a secret worth possessing, this art of retaining any sort of success when once you have lost it. One should always be on *esquif* with the good Lord of "Kismet" to remain in the swing. Different people have different methods of propitiating "Kismet"; and with some it is a religious science. For instance, a certain individual first makes the acquaintance of this God just as he enters on a career of knocking down old lumber with the hammer. He improves his chances and the acquaintance ripens into positively genuine friendship. He becomes rich and influential. But does he forget the magical hammer or chuck it aside? No fear, it brought him luck, and he will stick to it with all the perlucency of an Afghan warrior. Without good luck nobody can be anybody, and when you have that you must not lose it unless you are a booby. At least so said a follower

A CURIOSITY IN JOURNALISM.

There has been handed to the *Bulletin* by a well-known gentleman of this city, a copy of the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, dated Wednesday, November 24, 1784, which is a curiosity of Indian journalism. It is about eight inches wide by fourteen long and is yellow and worn with age. In contemplating the contents of its mouldy pages, one cannot fail to be struck with the wonderful chasm which separates this puny publication from the great newspapers of to-day. The modern editorial was unknown to the *Gazette*, and nowhere in its pages do the publishers intrude themselves, except in sundry advertisements, when the reader is directed to apply to the "printers of this paper" for information.

The legal advertisements are mainly confined to sales of real and personal property under writs of *renditione exponas* and *lexari facias*, which in our day would be called writs of execution, and to notifying the public to apprehend escaping servants. Silas Jones, with some apparent excitement, advertises that a "servant lad" about sixteen years old, named Augustin Kelly, "has escaped, and he offers \$3 reward for his apprehension."

Isaac Lane advertises for a "gray mare," lost, strayed or stolen, and George Henry states in six lines that unless all persons indebted to the late Abraham Usher, deceased, settle before January 1st, their account will be placed in the hands of a lawyer, which, he adds, will be very "painful" to him. James Seth offers \$20 reward for the capture of his "mulatto man," Jem, who has run away, and whom he describes as "very fond of strong drink and very quarrelsome when in liquor."

It appears from the following advertisement that there were matrimonial difficulties in 1784 as well as a hundred years later:

CUMBERLAND COUNTY, N. J., NOV. 8, 1784.

The subscriber observing herself in the last week's *Gazette* advertised by her husband, Obed Hudson, is under the necessity of taking the same method, however disagreeable, in order that an impartial public may be acquainted with the grounds of that separation, whereof he appears to complain, and thereby be induced, not to entertain any unfavourable impressions of a truly unfortunate woman. Suffice it then to say, that nothing but the most cruel treatment and abuse, with blows, and threatening to set fire to the house, having first of all confined me and our children in one of the rooms, would have forced me to have quitted him; since which, for my own personal safety, I have been obliged to swear the peace against him, and he has been compelled by authority to give bonds with sufficient security for his good behavior toward me and his neighbors, many of whom he has threatened upon my account. Since I parted with him at first, owing to his fair promises I returned to him, but his promises being soon forgot and broken, I was obliged to leave him again. His own conscience, in those very few cool moments that he enjoys, must assure him this is a candid representation of the matter, and that much more might be said if it was not for trespassing on the patience of the public. As to his forbidding any persons "harbouring me," as he styles it, this is out of his power to prevent, as many of my relations, and other friends, manifest the most humane disposition toward me in my distress, and rather than that I should expose my life under his roof again, are very willing to abide by what he calls "the most vigorous prosecution of the law." Notwithstanding which I declare myself perfectly inclined to return to him as soon as ever he gives convincing proofs that he is really an altered man.

ANN HUDDSON.

The *Gazette* contains a page of correspondence, a portion of which are extracts from a letter written by a gentleman in London to a friend in Worcester, and a letter written by an Englishman at Boston to a London newspaper. The Londoner's letter is dated September 10th, and is worth quoting:

LONDON.

Sept. 10. Most of the Senators in the House of Assembly at Boston are farmers and men of landed property. They are not chosen for any particular abilities, but are sent with express direction to oppose all taxes. Their cry is, don't tell us of the necessities of the times, but let us have no taxes. Vote against all taxes, to engage for this if the most essential qualification, so that nine-tenths of the present House is composed of patriots of this species of perfection. In general their meetings are without life and spirit; the members do in their grizzled wigs and recline their heads like the contemplative Dr. Samuel Johnson. They talk without grace, despising all the mode of oratory, though many of them are men of great subtlety and make their remarks with considerable brevity. If in the midst of a drowsy harangue the word taxes should be mentioned, the sound electrifies them in an instant like sleeping geese; when alarmed every head is elevated, every eye opened; all is bustle and attention; and no sooner is the speaker fat down but twenty of these no-tax men will rise together, to let fly a volley of objections at the head of the delinquent who dared to touch upon such a discordant string. Then comes, Mr. Speaker, Sir, we must have no taxes—my constituents don't like taxes—they can't pay taxes—they won't pay taxes—they can't pay taxes.

It is a universal cry all over the new States, why, what did we fight for? when taxes are to be collected, why, what did we fight for? old debts to be paid, why, what did we fight for? As however the necessities of life are hourly advancing upon them, this is their morning and evening song, in the Devil's name what did we fight for?

At the end of this satire the editor recommends the reader to peruse the letter from the Worcester Correspondent in another column, evidently to turn the thoughts of the patriot in another direction. This letter is as follows:

WORCESTER, November 4th.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in London, dated August 13, 1784.

"I have paid several visits to the House of Commons—it strikes me as a place of much confusion—There is not half that order and regularity which is observed in the House of Representatives of Massachusetts. It is a perfect scene of contention and animosity. When I was there last they were debating on India affairs. Mr. Pitt is really a fine speaker, and Mr. Fox's artillery are prodigious; the only safe with which he delivers his sentiments carries irresistible attention. There are many other good speakers. Mr. Pitt is thought a prodigy, confounding his years; he has done what no minister has dared to do before him, that is, in a masterly manner placed the true state of the national charities before the people. Excepting a few good debaters, the House of Commons appear to be composed of simple Block heads, Horse Jockeys, fat Country Squires and some Bucks and Bloods of the *ton*. They all fit with their hats on—some booted and spurred, with their whips in their hands—others lying a full length on the benches—some asleep—others laughing and talking about nothing—and when one member has done speaking, every one that is capable of saying anything, joins in a general vociferation for their turn, and after a long time and much calling to order, the speaker silences the clamor, and directs who shall take his turn to harangue. This Great Council of the Nation, which sounded so magnificent in my deluded ears in America, is a mighty big *gmisceh*."

MABEL MAY.

You needn't be jealous, Mary
I bowed to a lady—Well!
Call her a lady?—Surely;
Wait till her tale I tell.
You say she's working woman,
Looks like a sempstress—true,
I've nothing to say when you mutter.
She's not any better than you.
Her dress was a trifl' shabby.
Her bonnet was not the style,
Yet the lady I bowed to, Mary,
Was the belle of the old Argyle—
The famous place that you're heard of,
I've been shut this in a day;
But its queen, when its fame was greatest,
Was the beutiful Mabel May.

How did I know her, Mary?
Well, hardly by going there;
I was only a private soldier,
And I hadn't much cash to spare,
But we had in the Fifty-seventh
A Captain Dashon then—
"Dare-devil Dash," they called him,
The officers and the men.

Not a nice name to go by—
Not a nice name to hear—
Spoken, say, half in wonder,
And half with a sort of sneer;
I was his soldier-servant,
And that's how I knew him first;
But it wasn't the Fifty-seventh
That saw him at his worst.

He was always a fastish fellow,
Always a devil-may-care,
And the games that he pl'ed in barracks
Made some of the boldest stare.
Drink! I should think so, rather—
It was brandy morning and night;
He'd drink till he lost his reason—
He's given me many a fright.

The drink seemed to make him "vicious,"
Vicious as horses are;
Up with his heels in a minute,
And look out for the splinter-bar.
Look out for the trap and coachman,
And bet on a tidy smash—
You never knew what would happen
If you started Dare-devil Dash.

I've seen his room of a morning,
After he had broken out
In one of his awful frenzies,
Just like a shelled redoubt.
The chairs and tables and glasses
Lying about in bits—
Why, he'd shoot at himself in the mirror
In one of his vicious fits.

When sober, a smartier fellow,
Or a nicer you wouldn't find;
It was just the cursed brandy
That drove him out of his mind.
He'd had some trouble, I fancy,
A love affair, I was told—
The woman he loved betrayed him
For a cad with a heap of gold.

It was then that the Devil got him,
And he grew so wild and mad,
It seemed that he couldn't gallop
Fast enough to the bad.
His conduct became a scandal—
A scandal at so great,
He was tried and he left the regiment:
That settled the captain's fate.

His father was fierce against him,
His family cut him dead,
For he never once made an effort
To alter the life he led.
He quarreled and drank and gambled,
And he seemed to take a pride
In his name as a reckless rowdy,
And in spreading it far and wide.

One day we heard in the regiment
That he'd married a Mabel May—
One of those poor lost women
Who go by the name of gay.
She was rather a famous beauty
In the days of the old Argyle,
And, thanks to her wealthy lovers,
She was living in first-class style.

I heard the officers talking—
They said it was in the *Times*,
And this, they seemed to fancy,
Was the worst of the captain's crimes.
To spit and to grieve his father,
His people to shock and shame,
He had advertised his marriage
With a woman of evil fame.

He hadn't a single shilling,
He was head over ears in debt,
And the very day he married
His name was in the *Gazette*:
But Mabel had lots of money—
Safe and snug in the bank,
And a beutiful house and jewels,
The gift of a man of rank.

I met my old captain after—
He told me to call one day—
I was up at the house pretty often
Before we were ordered away.
It was then that I met the lady,
And, whatever she had been once,
I saw that she loved her husband—
That was plain to the merest dunce.

But he'd settled himself for ever,
Had Dare-devil Captain Dash,
He had stooped so low, men whispered,
As to squander a wanton's cash.
In a year he had brought her ruin—
He had robbed her of jewels—all,
And then gone off with a woman
He had met at a music-hall.

He had left her, an ailing mother,
With a baby but two months old,
Left her without a penny;
So the last of her things were sold.
And then, in a wretched lodging,
The beautiful Mabel May,
Had to work for herself and baby
To keep the wolf away.

For she loved her heartless husband
With a love that had made her pale—
That had given her strength to struggle,
To suffer and still endure.
There were those, had they known her trouble,
Would have come, as they came before,
And offered her gold in plenty
For the love that her lord forswore.

But, clasping her baby to her,
The poor deserted wife
Declared that the wretched spilt her life.
She would keep through all her life,
And she prayed by her baby's cradle
That Heaven would let her live,
And, guarding her love from evil,
Would pity him and forgive.

He died with her arms around him—
One night, in a drunken brawl,
He slipped and fell in a scuffle,
And his spine was hurt in the fall.
She heard he was lying helpless
In a hospital far away,
And she brought him home and nursed him,
And tended him night and day!

She worked till her cheeks were hollow—
And her beautiful eyes were dim,
She needed not cold nor hunger,
But worked for the child and him.
And the night that he died he blessed her,
And, raising his death-glazed eyes,
He murmured a prayer to Heaven,
He might meet her beyond the skies.

Intimations.

HONGKONG TRADING CO., LTD.

(LATE THE HALL & HOLTZ CO-OPERATIVE COMPANY, LIMITED.)

CONTINUATION OF

GREAT BARGAINS,
IN ALL DEPARTMENTS.

PREVIOUS TO ALTERATIONS TO PREMISES.

HONGKONG TRADING CO., LTD.

(LATE THE HALL & HOLTZ CO., LTD.)

Hongkong, 23rd June, 1890.

Intimations.

THE DARVEL BAY TRADING COMPANY, LIMITED.

NOTICE is hereby given that an EXTRA-ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the Darvel Bay Trading Company, Limited, will be held at No. 9, Queen's Road, Victoria Hongkong, on MONDAY, the 7th day of July, 1890, at 12 o'clock at Noon, when the abovementioned Resolution, which was passed at the Extra-ordinary Meeting of the Company held on the 21st day of June, 1890, will be submitted for confirmation as a

SPECIAL RESOLUTION.

That the Company be wound up voluntarily under the Provisions of the Companies' Ordinances 1865 to 1886, and that Frederick Alexander Alfred Buring Brockelmann and Justus Freidrich Heinrich Heyn, composing the Firm of Reuter, Brockelmann & Co., be the Liquidators of the said Company, and their remuneration as such Liquidators be the same as that allowed them as General Managers of the Company.

Dated the 23rd day of June, 1890.

REUTER, BROCKELMANN & CO.,
General Managers.

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THE PEAK HOTEL AND TRADING COMPANY, LIMITED.

NOTICE OF RE-OPENING.

A portion of the New Buildings of the above Company, known as the PEAK HOTEL and situated at Victoria Gap, adjoining the tramway station, being completed and furnished, business will be commenced on SATURDAY next, the 14th instant. Residents and visitors wishing to stay at the Peak will find every comfort and accommodation, together with refreshing cool breezes and magnificent view.

Special attention has been given to the Dining Rooms and Bar, to make this a pleasant resort for residents during the hot summer months.

The TABLE D'HOTE is supplied with every available luxury, and the cuisine, being under special management, is by far the best in or near Hongkong.

WINES and SPIRITS, &c.; only the best brands and quality are kept.

W. THOMAS,
Manager.

Hongkong, 13th June, 1890.

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TOURISTS

ARE cordially invited to call and inspect our choice collection of Japanese and Chinese FINE ART CURIOS, which is unequalled in Japan.

Every article guaranteed as represented. No trouble to show goods. One price only.

DEAKIN BROS. & CO.,

16 Bund, Yokohama,

next door to

Farsari's Photographic Studio.

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TO LET.

FIRST FLOOR of No. 3, Blue Buildings. From 1st June.

Apply to THE HONGKONG LAND INVESTMENT & AGENCY CO., LTD.

Victoria Buildings,

Hongkong, 29th April, 1890.

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TO LET.

NO. 9, SEYMOUR TERRACE.

No. 4, OLD BAILEY STREET.

Apply to DAVID SASSOON, SONS & CO.,

Hongkong, 24th June, 1890.

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TO LET.

N. O. 3, MORRISON HILL.

Immediate entry.

Apply to G. C. ANDERSON,

13, Praya Central,

Hongkong, 22nd April, 1890.

[658]

TO LET.

A. HOUSE in WEST TERRACE.

Immediate entry.

Apply to G. C. ANDERSON,

13, Praya Central,

Hongkong, 3rd May, 1890.

[511]

TO LET.

ONE LARGE ROOM on the Ground Floor of 13, Praya Central. Suitable for an Office.

Apply to G. C. ANDERSON,

13, Praya Central,

Hongkong, 28th March, 1890.

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TO LET.

N. O. 21 and 35, ELGIN ROAD, behind the Old Union Church.

Apply to ACHIE & CO.,

17, Queen's Road Central.

Hongkong, 10th June, 1890.

